



# die Zeitung

May 01, 2005

## Corrections and Musings:

*Gary Shanafelt*

Apparently I wasn't paying close attention when I first joined BMWCHR as Pete Hahn was one of the first guys I met, yet he claims I misidentified him in last months *die Zeitung*. Just to be sure, I checked with his mother and she confirmed it; the pictures of Pete repairing a tire in the April addition should say "Pete Hahn". (How embarrassing!)

Jeff Munn is organizing a camping trip to West Virginia. →

I asked Jeff if a club member completed the weekend if they received a "Ranger Tab". Jeff assures me that it will be a gentleman's trip also suitable for ladies. Let Jeff know if you are interested.

I have never liked riding at night and Gerry Schulte gave me one more reason with his travelogue, **Long Ride Home** beginning on Page 3.

And Finally, Jeff Munn treated us to another great Tech Day this month by showing club members what to pack for a long trip and how to shoehorn it into your precious space. See **Tech Day** on Page 5.

## Proposed Camping Trip (HOOAH!)

*By Jeff Munn*

Anyone interested in a dual-purpose (GS type) weekend camping trip to West Virginia? If riding some of the most hidden roads on the east coast, and camping in a remote, austere campsite interests you, then please contact me. I'm putting together an excursion for 13-15 May, into the Monongahela Wilderness Area. The weekend of riding should include about 100 miles of dirt/gravel roads in the largest protected wilderness area in West Virginia.

On the agenda is a ride up Spruce Knob (tallest mountain in W Va.), and thru the Dolly Sods. No fees, no frills. You'll also have to carry everything you need, to include shelter, food and water. If you attended the Motorcycle Packing tech session last weekend, this won't be a problem. You can contact me at jeff.munn (at) hotmail.com (you put it together correctly.) Or call me at 757-868-4542.

If you know what you are doing, you can participate on any motorcycle. A GS in NOT required. Knowledge of riding on dirt/gravel is though.

## Upcoming Events:

Please check the website <http://www.bmwchr.org/> for updates and details!

**01 May:** Monthly Club Meeting

**20 May:** Friday Night Cook-Out

**17-19 Jun:** Ride to Monterey, VA,

## *President's Page*

### **"If you always do what you've always done, you'll always get what you always got!"**

That's not necessarily bad, by the way. The Club has been doing a lot of things right for a long time and we don't want to disrupt the good things but at the same time, there is always an opportunity to make the Club even better. I'm not talking about flogging the existing members to work harder, I'm really referring to reaching out and bringing in new members with new ideas. The open house at Adventure was a good opportunity to recruit new members especially young riders and we renewed 3 members and signed up 2 new members. I found myself wishing that the entire club was there meeting and talking and recruiting new members. Such tour de force would have brought an even bigger yield of new members. I would really like to encourage the Club to actively recruit young BMW riders. Many young adults are buying BMWs for their first or second bike and their energy and enthusiasm would be a tremendous asset for the club. My challenge to you is

to go out looking for the new R, GS and F models, track down the rider and invite them to the next club function.

I want to thank Carol Beals and her family for their time in setting up and manning the BMWCHR table at the Adventure open house. We had a good turn out and added new members to the club. Carol, the club owes you a dept of gratitude for all your hard work and I want to personally thank you for your contributions to the club.

I want to thank Jo Smithdeal for her donation of time and the pack. Jo, thanks to you the club raised more than over \$700 for the van fund for Herb. The club is richer for you presence and your energy and your gifts of time and material. Thank you.

I want to thank Rick for matching what the club took in on raffle tickets and donations at the Adventure Open house. Rick, Let's work together to build the club and BMW ridership in Hampton Roads.

Finally I want to thank Mike Bodner for manning the booth at Morton's all day and for his tireless efforts and contributions to the club.

Robert Cooper  
President

*If you are receiving the newsletter via e-mail,  
and wish you weren't, let me know.*

*If you are not receiving the newsletter by any  
means and wish you were, let me know.*

*[gshanafelt@cox.net](mailto:gshanafelt@cox.net)*

## LONG RIDE HOME

*By Gerry Schulte*

Years before I bought my current bike, an R1100RT, I had thought about doing another long ride. During the summer while in college in the early 70's, I had ridden an R60/5 from Sioux City, IA to Rochester, NY and back, riding alone but staying with friends or family nearly every step of the way. I loved every minute of it. Gradually, life and responsibilities interfered with riding more and more, until I finally sold my last machine, and went ten years without one.



I had owned this bike a year and a half, and slowly had gotten it and myself ready for another long ride. I thought seriously about the National in Spokane, but didn't have a long-range saddle yet. Finally I had the bike the way I wanted it, and had most of my clothes, but summer was over and I was running out of time. I thought about going to New York or Florida to see friends, but up north was getting cold, and the hurricanes had made a mess down south. I had not seen my family in the Midwest yet that year, and the weather was decent, if a little unpredictable, so I decided to risk it.

The bike was due for a major service and needed a front tire. I like to tinker but

know my limits. The front wheel came off and went to Adventure BMW to replace the tire; meanwhile I took off the fairing panels and tank to see what makes her tick. I changed fluids, and replaced or adjusted everything I could, and when the tire came back, took it in without the fairing for final adjustments.

I had taken off work the following week, starting October 25<sup>th</sup>, and frantically tied up loose ends to be ready. I picked up the bike Saturday morning, put the fairing back on, finished some last-minute papers for work and sent them out, loaded the bike and left Virginia Beach at 2:00 in the afternoon. Though I prefer twisty two-lanes, the distance and lack of time forced me to use interstates most of the way. Three hundred miles later, I was on I-64 going up a mountain, it was getting dark, a heavy fog was setting in, and I was almost out of gas. I bailed off and found a room and gas station in Covington, VA.

It rained overnight and early morning, and I left in a cold, damp, light fog with wet roads. Thank goodness I had just bought an electric jacket liner...worth its weight in gold! That under a full cold-weather riding suit and I could take on almost any weather. The sky cleared by Charleston, WV, and by afternoon I could not take enough clothes off. By nightfall, I had made Indianapolis and had put half the clothes back on. This pattern repeated itself almost daily.

Indiana and Illinois were beautiful, with clear skies, comfortable temperatures, no wind and surprisingly colorful fall scenery. The freshly picked cornfields yielded a wide-open view for miles in every direction, punctuated by rustic farmsteads with huge, billowy maple and oak windbreaks in full, blazing fall

color. I locked the throttle at the maximum speed I dared, and flew down the highway, barely touching the handlebars for hours. The motorcycle almost drove itself; I was just sitting there enjoying the view.

The next day I made it to my sister's home in Webster City, a nice little town in central Iowa, rested up a day and picked up my gear-head 11-year-old nephew from school, giving him his first rush...I mean ride on a motorcycle

The 120 miles to my brother's house in Sioux City, IA the next morning, down a wet, foggy Hwy 20, was the coldest day of the trip. It took a bowl of soup and three cups of coffee to stop shivering. A new pair of Totes over my boots took care of my one weak spot. Having grown up in the area, I enjoyed visiting my family and old BMW riding buddies for a day, then headed to Lincoln, NB to see my mother. I almost didn't make it.

As I rode south on I-29, a very strong warm front was moving east across the country, blowing straight across the road. Steady 15-20 mph winds were laying me over a few degrees, and about every 30 seconds or so, an invisible hammer-like gust would hit the bike at what felt like 50 mph, kind of like boxing in the dark. All I could do is react, sometimes getting knocked as much as 6 feet sideways. Trucks were especially fun. At one point, in a slow curve, I got close and personal with a bridge railing. Trying to hold steady near the middle of the two lanes, a blast hit and pushed me within three feet of the edge of the road, right at the beginning of the short bridge. Once on the bridge, the other railing blocked the wind, sending me back to the middle of the road before I could stand her back up, then another gust met me at the other

end of the bridge, all within a few seconds.

My speed made no difference. All I could do is finish the 90 miles to Omaha as quickly as possible, then turn west into the wind on I-80 for the last 50 miles to Lincoln, right into the bright setting sun. Now the wind popped me from either side, as the road angled left or right, as well as trying to rip my normally aerodynamic helmet off my head. Also, the vibrations of my coat sleeves flapping in the wind were making my shoulders numb. Oh yeah, and now it was rush hour on a road infamous for its heavy truck traffic. At one point, I turned around, to see what it felt like riding with the wind, and found the windshield was like a sail. I almost didn't need the engine. Lincoln never looked so good.

The next morning, despite a home game with Missouri that the Huskers eventually won (GO BIG RED!), I started heading east again, taking a great new four lane Highway 2 through Nebraska City (famous for Arbor Day) and back to I-29 without having to endure the trucks on I-80 again. The wind was dying down into a beautiful day and I made an unscheduled stop in St. Joseph, MO, to see my aunt and cousins. I had only covered 190 miles that day, so after dinner I took my cousin's advice, staying away from I-70 (more non-stop trucks) and crossed the entire state in the dark on another great, mostly new four-lane Highway 36 into Hannibal, on the Mississippi River, home of Mark Twain.

The next day was my birthday, Halloween. After a quick buzz through downtown to see Twain's home and famous white fence, I headed south toward St. Louis on scenic Route 79 on

the Missouri side of the river. My goal was to cut 70 miles off the trip, but I knew nothing about the area. The first 40 miles twisted and snaked around and over high, rocky bluffs, rivaling anything on the Blue Ridge Parkway. Mother Nature and the Highway Department had given me a birthday present.

When I planned the trip, I left the return route flexible in case of bad weather, etc. I didn't know I'd be going through St. Louis, but finding myself there I decided to see if my luck was holding and called an old college buddy I hadn't seen in 20 years. He had just returned from Florida the night before and was going to Arizona the next day. At the time I called, he was leaving to run errands for the next trip. By dumb luck, or fate, I hit a ten-minute window when he would get my call. With directions and a rusty memory of the city, I found his house. We had a great time catching up and reminiscing. We decided we need to keep in better touch since we both live off the same road - I-64.

By the time I left at 4 PM, the sky was darkening. A front that was chasing me across the country had almost caught up. I again made up for lost time by riding 250 miles across Illinois and Indiana in the dark to get as close to home as possible, and outrun the storm. I made a quick stop in Indiana for dinner, and just as I started to leave, someone tapped me on the shoulder. A local BMW rider gave me a serious warning about deer in the area of a forest I would pass through. I stayed legal the rest of the evening with my brights on.

I stopped for the night at 9:30, just west of Louisville, KY, and woke up to rain the next morning. I had gained an hour with Standard Time, but had a long way

to go. After riding in rain and road spray for 160 miles, the skies cleared and became a beautiful day. By the time I hit West Virginia, I was peeling clothes again, and raced over the mountains, passing everything in sight. By this time, I had the long days down to a science, stopping every 100 miles to stretch, pit stop, and get food or gas, then quickly jump back on the road. I watched the sun set as I crossed into Virginia, and at 10:30, after 712 miles that day, I was home.

Total distance - 3,200 miles - A great ride.



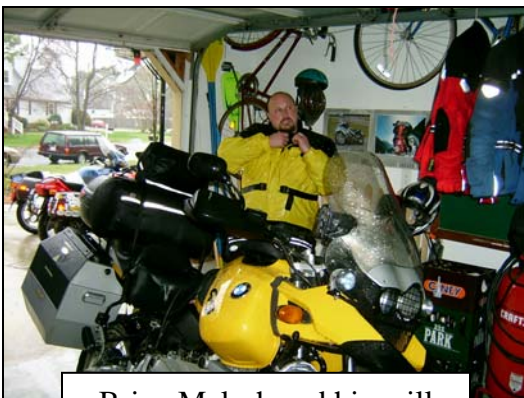
## Tech Day--Camping

*Gary Shanafelt*

On 02 Apr 05, we had another great Tech Day at Jeff Munn's house where we exchanged ideas on how to prepare and load your bike for traveling the old fashion way-camping. Of course, first thing I did was to violate Rule 1\* when I asked what the small bell was for attached to Jeff's 2001 R1150GS and in a chorus reminiscent of the Jordanaires, everyone informed me it was a "Karma Bell". Clearly I was the only one that didn't know of this valuable upgrade to a road bike but at least I was able to permanently dispel as false the old axiom, "There is no such thing as a dumb question."



With his usual *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re* (gentle in manner; strong in deed), Jeff had loaded his bike as he would for a long-haul trip and had printed out a mini-checklist for the attending club members summarizing his thoughts on what to bring. There was an abundance of experience in the nine guys that attended which enhanced the program through exchanging ideas. In equipping your bike for the more adventurous travel, Jeff recommends looking for camping equipment that is suitable for motorcycle traveling and not motorcycle unique solutions to camping storage. There was one strong exception upon which everyone agreed and that was the use of “Jo’s U-Pac”. Jo can modify her design to fit your individual needs and her U-Pac can be easily be taken off the bike and carried directly to your evening location. (<http://www.josupac.com/>) (757-930-4927)



Brian Malsch and his grill equipped R1150 GS

As Jeff unpacked his bike we were all amazed at the “stuff” he had squirreled away in nooks and crannies of the bike and all of it had earned its way into his bags with solid rationale; there was nothing superfluous. The big surprise came when Brian Malsch unpacked his R1150GS and pulled out a bar-b-que grill slightly larger than the one I have in my back yard! At first thought, a grill is the last thing I would take on a motorcycle trip but Brian said for short (weekend) trips, it is really handy to cook up some steaks at the end of a long ride. He could also pack plenty of supporting items inside the grill. No wasted space!

If you are just starting on your first camping adventure, or if you have been doing it for some time and are thinking about expanding your travel portfolio, Jeff recommended a small booklet called *Lightweight Unsupported Motorcycle Travel for Terminal Cases*. Hey, with a title like that, I just gotta have one.



Jeff’s pannier stickers say a lot!

\*Rule 1: Never turn down the opportunity to keep your mouth shut.